The World

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THE CHERRY TREE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was the first President of the United States. His services in command of the Continental armies, in helping organize the confederation of the thirteen separate colonies, in changing that to the present constitutional form of government of the United States, are part of his claim to the title "Father of His Country."

But all this has been written many times over. Hundreds of histories tell of it. The red books of the different States and the official publications of the United States refer to the high offices he has held and tell of his patriotic deeds.

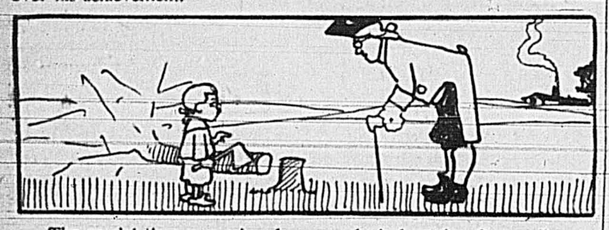
The George Washington of the hatchet and the cherry tree grew to be the man who did great deeds and achieved glorious things. It is George Washington the boy who should be studied to-day more than George Washington the general and the President.

He was a natural boy, not a prig nor a Little Lord Fauntleroy. He fought other boys, not with his tongue, but with his fists. What he learned at school does not seem to have made any great impression upon him, for even as President his spelling was little better than that of the most recent graduate from a New York public school.

The crucial time in George Washington's life was not at Valley Forge, not at Yorktown, not when he was sworn in as Chief Executive of the United States, but when his father asked him who cut down the cherry tree. The important decisions in the life of every man are made years before the occasions for them arise. The public events which determine fame and reputation are only the combination of the training and the habits of many bygone years.

There was nothing so very wrong in cutting down the cherry tree. A hatchet is a serviceable implement for a half-grown boy, and George Washington's father presented George with the hatchet none too soon. Edged tools are one of the many things that the man must learn some day or other to handle, and the earlier the process of instruction begins the less likelihood there is of costly ignorance in after life.

To test the edge of the hatchet upon the cherry tree was also natural. Some boys would have taken only two or three whacks and made a few gashes. That George Washington made a thorough job of it and cut the tree entirely down was a presage of thorough work in adult undertakings. A certain destructive instinct is a necessary accompaniment to the desire to achieve and to construct. Doubtless young George chopped at the cherry tree in no half-hearted way, and regarded its downfall with pride over his achievement.



The crucial time was when he was asked about it. It was then to be settled to which one of the great classes of men George Washington belonged. The decision stood for all time.

Men are of two general kinds—the multitude who evade responsibility, who shirk the consequences of their acts and whom pressure bends and sways like the leaves on a tree and those fewer men who stand like an oak and can be removed from their position only by a convulsion that upheaves their roots, not even by a lightning shock that shatters their structure.

The question whether George Washington should lie or not was secondary. He might have been silent or tried to evade. All weak men lie when that is the last thing open to them. But for the flat, frank lies there are hundreds of wriggles and squirmings, of toadying favor-seeking, of cringing to superiors in power and bullying inferiors. The lie itself is merely one of the proofs of a weak nature.

The teachings of George Washington's boyhood are lessons to all boys, more to boys than to men, because when the years of manhood have been reached character is already determined. The way to pattern after the greatness of George Washington the man is to begin by emulating the sterling qualities of the boy who stood by the stump of the cherry tree.

Never Tell a Lie!

By Maurice Ketten.

The True Worth of Woman's Beauty

By HELEN OLDFIELD.

IN spite of the fact that we are taught from the beginning not to trust to appearances, that "beauty is deceitful and favor is vain," that we are admonished to "prove all things, hold fast that which is good," an attractive exterior has charms for all humanity; it is the law of nature, the law of life. Few persons are gifted with mental X-rays which discern below the surface of things. The golden casket and that of silver are usually preferred to the leaden one. Moreover, beauty may be, and often is, co-existent with other desirable qualities. To quote immortal Mrs. Poyser: "I niver said that a woman had need to be ugly to make a good missus of a house," nevertheless, we are assured by the same authority that: "It's well seen what choice the most of men know how to make by the poor draggle tails of wives you see, like bits of gauze ribbin, good for nothin' when the color is gone." None the less, most men prefer, and naturally, to see a pretty, certainly a pleasing face opposite them at the table three times a day for 365 days in the year.

The woman whom a man marries usually is, and she ought to be, the prettiest and nicest girl whom he can find; and it is the business, not to say the duty, of all women to bear this fact in mind and to make the best of themselves outwardly and inwardly. Lord Beaconsfield wrote that: "A girl's beauty is as potent a power as is genius in man." There is no disputing the statement, neither is there any cause why one should deplore the fact. Beauty of person is a woman's strongest weapon in her equipment for the battle of life.

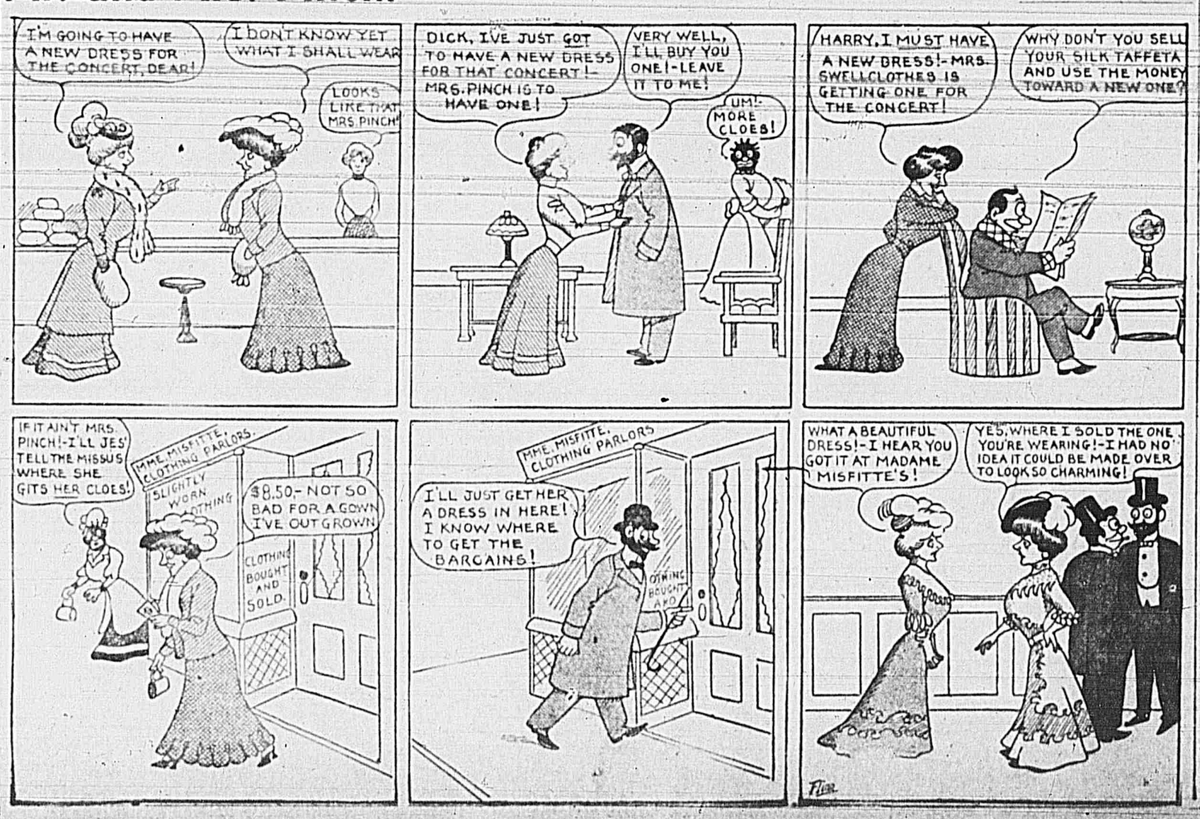
In view of the vast diversity of face and figure among women it is well that all men have not the same standard of the beautiful. Not long ago an enterprising journalist made the rounds of the prominent artists residing in London requesting their opinions as to the most beautiful hair for women. The result was merely to prove that "opinions differ." Some gave preference to golden tresses, some admired black, some chestnut, some auburn, and Whistler pronounced dark red, "the russet hue of an oak leaf in autumn," as in his opinion the most beautiful of all shades. "The moral," wrote the editor, "appears to be that a woman, whatever the color of her hair, will find some one to admire it, provided she takes proper care of it and does not dye it; the only point upon which the artists agreed was that of their aversion for dyed hair."

Poets have been found to eulogize all styles of beauty. Chaucer sang the praises of "ye nut brown maid," and the trumpeters of blond beauty are too numerous to mention. Poets have been found to write in praise of turned up noses; "a nose tip-tilted like a daisy flower," and we have all read of the freckled-faced girl whose complexion was likened unto "strawberries smothered in cream." Lord Chesterfield, in his courtly old world fashion, said that no woman need be homely unless of her own will, or words to that effect; and the same saying holds good to-day—a beautiful soul has power to glorify the plainest face and render it beautiful for those who love it. "Let no woman consider herself plain featured until she sees her bad qualities written in her face," says an old writer in a "Book of Beauty," "and let no girl consider herself fair to behold so long as she makes no effort to free her heart from the evil thoughts and passions which may disfigure her countenance. A sweet and amiable disposition is the best assurance of beauty. But let every woman be careful not to neglect the care of her beauty, as beauty. It deserves her attention and respect as much as it deserves that of men."

Women make a grave mistake when, in their desire for beauty, instead of making the best of what they possess they try to manufacture an artificial prettiness for themselves. Bondrat, the great Parisian beauty artist, used to tell his clients: "My dear madame, develop and do not invent, is the secret of becoming as beautiful as Providence ever intended that you may be. It is also the secret of being as beautiful as it is possible for you to be."—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinch.

By E. F. Flinn.



Letters from the People.

Drivers Are Not Always to Blame.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read pleas for horses in winter and about lighter loads. I am the owner of horses, and say the owner is not at fault. I blame the city for these ill-cleaned, slippery streets. If there is only a little snow we cannot hold our horses up. And in the summertime our wagons stick to the asphalt. The poor driver is always taken in by the Society for Cruelty to Animals, when the city is really more to blame for the conditions.

MR. SMITH.

In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I get information about entering the navy? BOY.

Snow and Satire.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent calls attention to the slowness in removing snow and ice from West and South streets. If he would like to see the snow-removing department at its best he should go to Fifth avenue or Madison avenue right after a snowstorm. There he would see some quick work. The snow-removing department realizes if no one else does the importance of carriage traffic over heavy trucking. F. WOODHEAD.

The "Eerie Erie."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We, the long-suffering patrons of the "eerie Erie," who have resignedly sat or stood in overcrowded cars and patiently respired the choking gas and irritating dust detrimental to our lungs and injurious to our clothing, are now threatened by the officials of this unaccommodating railroad with what is far more than a mere annoyance. This corporation has discontinued or converted into locals many of the westbound express trains of the Northern, the N. J. and N. Y. and the Greenwood Lake branches of its system—trains which constituted about the only fairly attractive and efficient features of the various schedules, as when they really were expresses in actuality and not merely in name, they enabled commuters to reach their homes in such towns as Englewood, Oradell, Montclair, &c., from fifteen minutes to half an hour ahead of the simultaneously starting locals that are never to be relied upon.

O. C., Oradell, N. J.

Ponder Over This.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is a problem for the mathematical readers: A pole 15 feet high and 15 inches diameter at the top and 24 inches diameter at the bottom has a ribbon 3 inches wide wound spirally around it, leaving a 5 inch space between the turns. What is the length of ribbon required?

FRED'K. H. BRENN.

Newark, N. J.

The Freaks of Old Sol.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Astronomers may spy and brag and gossip of sun-spots, but I tell you there isn't left a tender spot in the heart of Old Sol for his favorite daughter (the Earth). He often treats her very coolly, not to say cruelly. For days he won't even look at her, and when he does show his face it is generally after a snowstorm, and then he gives her a thorough soaking, which makes it very unpleasant for every poor "sole."

F. DECKMAN.

The Office Boy Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read numerous letters in regard to the treatment of office boys and I say that it is up to the office boy to make things easier for himself. If the boy would get to his work on time and do things rightly, there could be no reason to complain. M. L. S.

SIXTY HEROES WHO MADE HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 18—GODFREY DE BOUILLON, the Hero of the First Crusade.

ALL Central Europe was buzzing, one day in 1095, over a miracle said to have been performed on the famous young warrior, Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine and Count of Bouillon. This champion, nineteen years before, at the age of fifteen, had become Count of Bouillon in Belgium. Fighting under the banner of the German Emperor, he had been first to mount the walls of Rome in the Emperor's attack on that city. For his courage and generalship during this siege he had been made Duke of Lorraine. Recently he had been stricken by a mysterious illness that brought him close to death's door. While apparently dying he had chanced to hear of the movement afoot among European sovereigns to raise an army to wrest the Holy Land from the grasp of the Mahometans. Godfrey made a vow that if his life was spared he would join the sacred expedition. At once, according to the old chronicle, the sickness fell away from him and he stood up, restored in an hour to his old health and strength.

This was the period when Peter the Hermit, a dwarfish monk, travelled through the civilized world, imploring all good Christians to rescue the Saviour's sepulchre from the infidels. In 611 the Persians had captured Jerusalem, slaughtering 90,000 of its inhabitants. Eighteen years later it was won back by the Greek Emperor, Heraclius, but in 637 it had been retaken by the followers of Mahomet and had ever since been a Moslem stronghold. Christians who went thither on pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre were robbed, ill-treated and often killed. Peter the Hermit declared it a black disgrace to the Christian world that the land of Christ's birth and crucifixion should be in the hands of heathen and that these infidels should have the power to maltreat Christians. His fiery words started a flame of religious enthusiasm from one end of Europe to the other. Crusades were planned; the Pope blessed the project; debtors and serfs were freed on condition they would go to Palestine and fight for the Cross. Nearly every nation raised troops for the great purpose.

Peter the Hermit and the First Crusade.

Godfrey was most active of all in this respect. He pawned his realm of Bouillon and with the money he collected 80,000 men. Other armies were also starting for the Holy Land, and were suffering delays and disappointments from Emperor Alexius, at Constantinople, on their way eastward. Godfrey arrived at Constantinople in 1096, and by mingled force and diplomacy outwitted Alexius into giving him free passage through his territory and setting free certain other Crusaders whom the Emperor had imprisoned. The army then crossed the Bosphorus and fought its way to the Saracen city of Antioch. There, on June 3, 1098, after a memorable siege, Godfrey won possession of the place, garrisoned it and, routing a great Saracen host in Phrygia, started onward toward Jerusalem, the true goal of his expedition.

On July 15, 1099, after a five-months' siege, the Crusaders battered a hole in Jerusalem's walls. One of the first to rush through the breach, sword in hand, was Godfrey. The Holy City was captured. Then occurred a tragedy that has cast the only stain on Godfrey's fame. The troops, thrilled with religious zeal, burning to avenge the insults to their fellow-Christians and to their Lord's memory, and bearing in mind the earlier killing of the city's inhabitants by the Persians, began at once a wholesale massacre of all the Moslems in Jerusalem. Godfrey is said by some historians to have tried in vain to check this massacre. But this is not probable. He was not the sort of man who tried things in vain. Moreover, it was a stern, bloody age, when the vanquished could expect scant mercy. So the massacre raged on for days. Saracens—men and women alike—were put to the sword. Children's brains were dashed out on stones. Countless thousands were killed in this city of the Prince of Peace, by the warriors who had captured that city in their Lord's holy name. Before too severely censuring the half-civilized eleventh century barbarians, it will be well to remember that the Germans, the Spaniards, the English, the French and even the very pious Puritans in New England, at various times during the next 700 years, did much the same thing on a smaller scale by putting to death those who did not agree with them in religion.

A week later the Crusaders unanimously chose Godfrey King of Jerusalem. In those days rulers vied with each other in the beauty and cost of their crowns. But Godfrey replied to the offer by saying:

A King Who Refused to Accept a Crown.

"How can I wear a crown of gold in the city where my Lord wore a crown of thorns, or call myself King in the city of the King of Kings?"

So he contented himself with the title of "Defender of the Holy Sepulchre." Next he drew up for his new realm a system of laws, founded on all that was best in the various European codes, and instituted a wise and just rule for the captured country. The Sultan of Egypt, with an army 400,000 strong, marched against him. Godfrey and his Crusaders met this vast host on the plain of Ascalon and defeated it, leaving 100,000 slain on the field. After this Godfrey's power was supreme through practically all of Palestine. That he might have founded there a permanent Christian nation is possible. But just a year after the capture of Jerusalem he died. So just had been his reign that Moslems and Christians alike mourned him. A few years afterward the Holy Land was once more under Mahometan rule.

Thus ended the First Crusade and the life of the hero who made it triumphant.

☛ Time Yourself Reading This.

1/2 MINUTES with GREAT MEN

BACON ON CONVERSATION.

He that questioneth much shall learn much and content much, especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh, for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let not his questions be troublesome, and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.

Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one who was wont to say in scorn: "He must be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself."

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words, or in good order.

Men ought to find the difference between saltness (spice) and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he need to be afraid of others' memory.

Eerie Ravin's.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

ONCE upon the sad old Erie, as we staggered, oh, so dreary!
With the engine acting weary as we left the Hudson's shore,
There came news that was just shocking, and it set the suburbs rocking,
While the passengers were knocking, not including those who swore.
For the brakeman, wanly pailing, plainly showing he was ailing,
Came with laggard steps and failing through the Nyack local's door,
Shaky hands his gray beard clasping, in a voice both loud and rasping,
Hoarsely was the Brakie gasping just that cryptic "Nevermore!"

Then the passengers cried: "Granny, why these ravin's so uncanny?
What strange funny-work now plan 'ee? Come within yon open door,
Come, explain your queer behaving and your incoherent raving,
Is it some new scheme for saving that will make commuters sore?"
Then the Brakie, sadly weeping on some Teanecks gently sleeping,
Through the car came slowly creeping, interrupted by a snore;
And he spread the mournful tidings, how for freight they'd stop our ridings—
Trains for humans to the sidings to be brought back—Nevermore!

Then above the Erie's rattle came the cries of men for battle,
'Cause they must give way to cattle and to coal and freight. And sore?
Cried a passenger: "Unlawful! They have chawed off quite a jawful,
And this road's already awful. Why, it beats the blamed West Shore."
Then up rose another, saying: "What's the use of all this braying?
Here's a game I will be playing that you all can try and score.
Make a noise like freight, my brothers, and to York you'll come like others,
Back at night to home and mothers, and get left—oh, Nevermore!"